

815

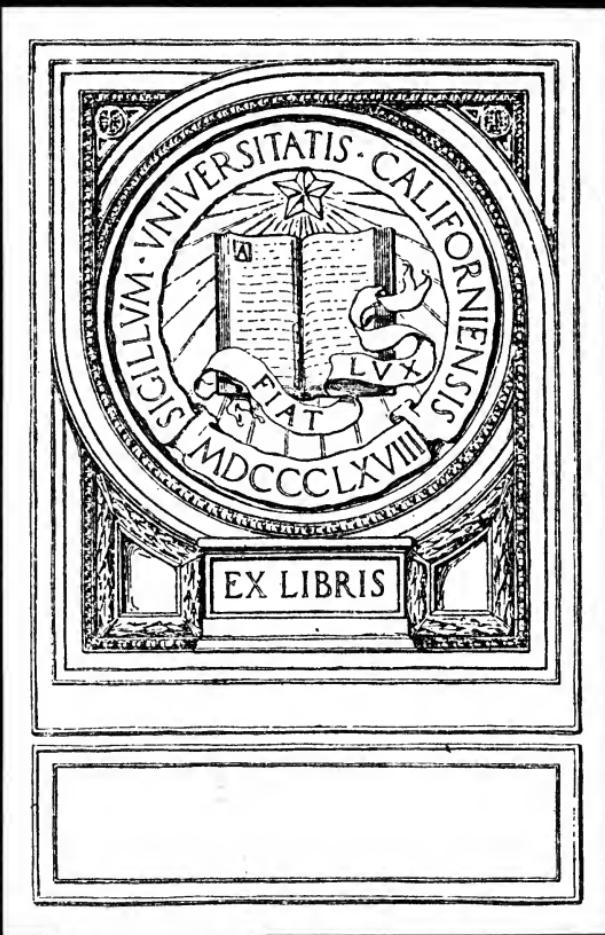
UC-NRLF



\$B 317 631

1989
hEc

YB 47



The Green Coat: a Comedy in One Act: by Alfred de Musset and Emile Augier: Translated by Barrett H. Clark

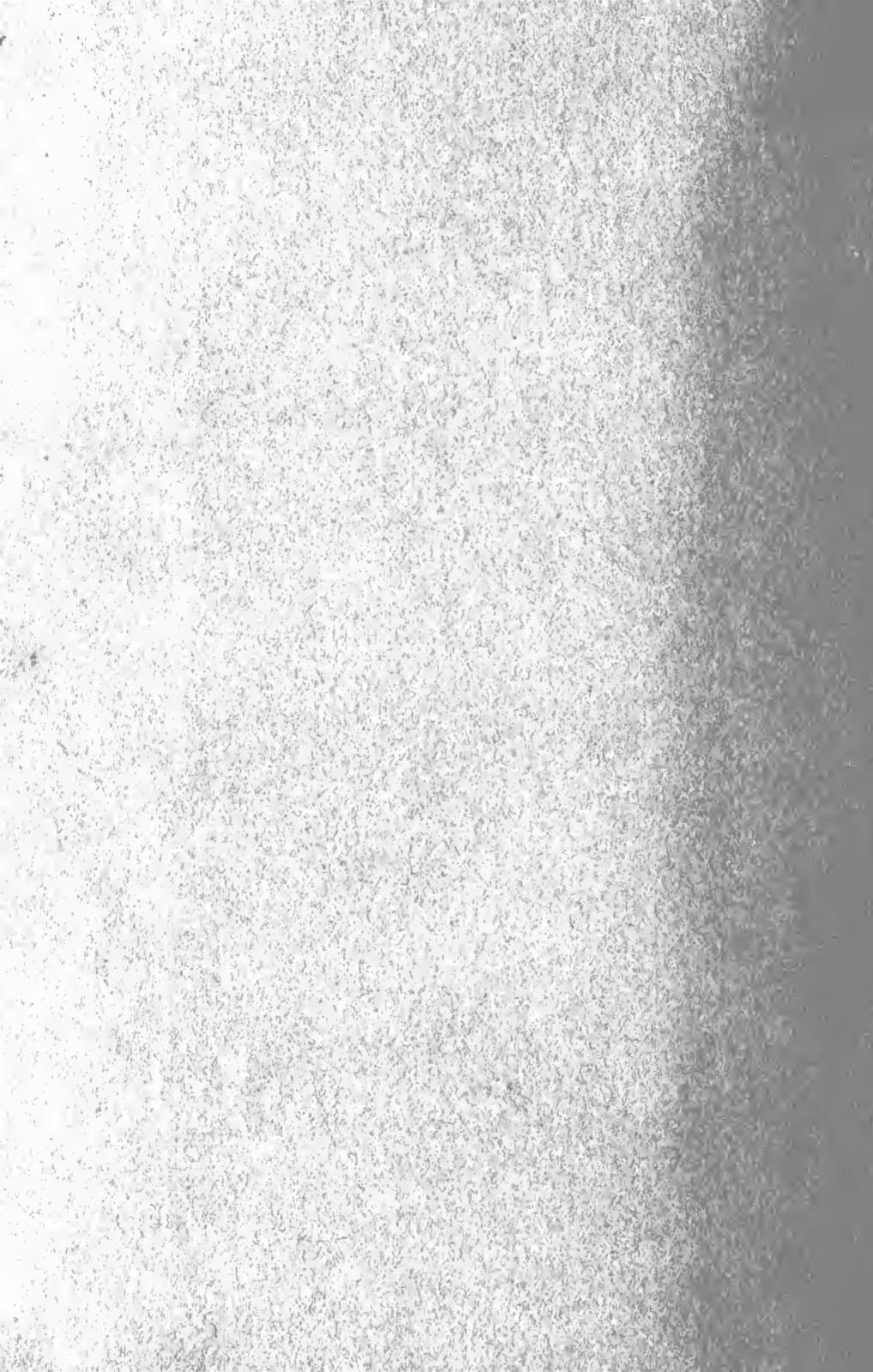
Samuel French: Publisher
28-30 West Thirty-eighth Street: New York

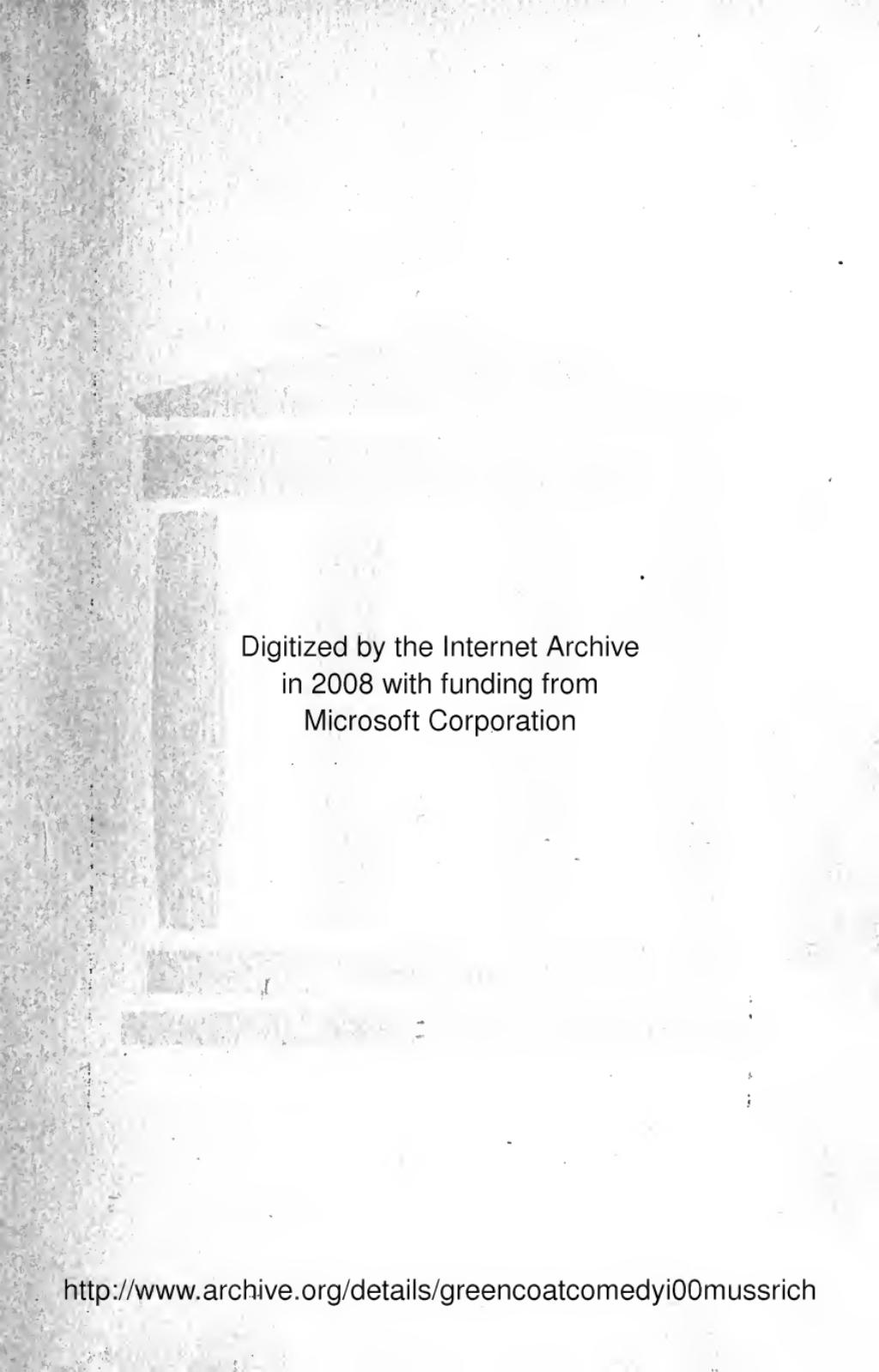
LONDON

Samuel French, Ltd.,

26 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS



A faint, light gray watermark-style illustration of a person in a green coat, possibly a historical figure or a character from a book, is visible in the background of the page.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS
BY CELEBRATED EUROPEAN AUTHORS

BARRETT H. CLARK

GENERAL EDITOR

The Green Coat: a Comedy in One Act: by Alfred de Musset and Emile Augier: Translated by Barrett H. Clark



Samuel French : Publisher
28-30 West Thirty-eighth Street : New York

COPYRIGHT, 1915,
BY SAMUEL FRENCH

THE GREEN COAT

EMILE AUGIER AND ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Alfred de Musset is one of France's greatest poets; Emile Augier one of her most truly representative dramatists. These two masters of their respective arts collaborated upon a delicate and charming little comedy, which should be considered rather in the light of a distraction than a masterpiece worthy the genius of the two authors. "The Green Coat," however, is a dainty trifle, with some good characterization, and distinction in its literary style. It is representative of the Romantic school of literature, to which Musset belongs, and under the influence of which Augier began his dramatic career. While Musset wrote a number of plays—some of which are now in the repertory of the Comédie Française—he never wrote with the idea of their being performed, but Augier was a born "man of the theater," and remained such to the end of his long career. It is not easy to distinguish which parts of this comedy are attributable to Musset and which to Augier, but it might be conjectured that the structure was Augier's and most of the dialogue Musset's.

The staging is extremely simple, and the directions in the text sufficient. The costumes should be mid-nineteenth century French, but an approximation to this is English mid-Victorian.

33

THE GREEN COAT

SCENE:—*A studio beneath a low gabled roof. There is a door at the back opening upon a corridor, another at the right, and one below the fireplace, left. A window left. To the right, a painter's easel. To the left, a little table. Three ordinary chairs. At the back, left, a chestnut clothes chest. As the curtain rises, RAOUL is seated at the table, looking out the open window.*

RAOUL. Say what you like—to-day is Sunday.

HENRI. (*seated the wrong way round on a chair before his easel, arranging colors on his palette*) Well, what of it?

RAOUL. What of it? As there is not a cloud in the sky, I maintain it's a superb day.

HENRI. Yes?

RAOUL. Yes? I am not sure whether I shall die old, but I know I was born young, and I take pleasure in seeing the blue sky.

HENRI. What are you talking about?

RAOUL. I want to get away, see the green grass—to—well to Chaville or to Fleury.

HENRI. Why? Why to Chaville?

RAOUL. Or to Fleury.

HENRI. You know we have no money.

RAOUL. I didn't say we had; I said I should like to see the country.

HENRI. Ha! Of course! You'd like to satisfy every wish, drive in a carriage, be loved by a princess!

4 THE GREEN COAT.

RAOUL. (*rising*) Nothing of the sort! I'd like you to put on your hat and go to the loan-office, get twenty-five francs for your watch, and have a first-rate dinner.

HENRI. I can't do that; my watch is the only thing I have left from my grandmother. (*he also rises, palette in hand*) It's a great watch, with an alarm.

RAOUL. What's the good of an alarm?

HENRI. The good?

RAOUL. Yes.

HENRI. Why, to let me know what time it is—even in the dark.

RAOUL. Well, pawn it—we'll buy a tinder box with the proceeds; we need one.

HENRI. Charming idea! Only I'm not going to part with the watch.

RAOUL. Much good it does in your pocket!

HENRI. It at least remains there—which is more than can be said of cash!

RAOUL. As if that were an argument! An onion would be quite as useful. If you were a business man, or a lover, or a doctor, you might have some excuse. But with us, closed in in our little attic, I with my nose in law books, you with your whitewash—what do we care what time it is? You're like a man holding a thermometer in front of a fireplace with no wood in it.

HENRI. Joke if you like, and make fun of me, but I'm in earnest.

RAOUL. Now what do you mean by that?

HENRI. I mean that you take particular pleasure in tormenting and making game of me. You know as well as I that we're poor, that we rented this hole, we put nothing to nothing to help each other, that your parents as well as mine refused to send you the 500 francs you asked for.

RAOUL. Yes, we are down to our last sous.

HENRI. Well, then, why joke about it?

RAOUL. It costs no more than to cry.— Now, will you or won't you pawn your watch?

HENRI. No, no, no.— What is the matter with you to-day?

RAOUL. It's Sunday.

HENRI. But, Heavens and Earth, it's just like any other day!

RAOUL. It's Sunday, and it's beautiful out-doors; I want to see the country, I want to live—I can't explain—

HENRI. If you would for once in your life stop joking and be a little serious, I'd tell you something worth hearing.

RAOUL. Speak.

HENRI. No, you wouldn't listen.

RAOUL. But I am.

HENRI. No, you're not.

RAOUL. On which of our three chairs must I sit to prove that I am serious? (*sitting on a chair near the table, left*) There, now. You must speak; you say you have an idea?

HENRI. We can get out of our difficulties very easily, and honorably. (*he goes to the fireplace and brings a painted screen to the center of the stage*) Here's a screen I've painted. You never would deign to look at it.

RAOUL. No, I know too well what's on it!

HENRI. Romeo and Juliet.

RAOUL. Is that it?

HENRI. Yes.— Some more joking now? You know I've been working on it for six weeks. I firmly believe that to-day I shall dispose of it.

RAOUL. (*rising*) You are likely to have a little difficulty persuading the dealers to make the necessary sacrifice.

HENRI. I know a stationer, a man of taste; a connoisseur.

RAOUL. In that case you'll make him a present of it.

HENRI. He will know its value.

RAOUL. Exactly!

HENRI. You think it's worth nothing?

RAOUL. Conventional subject. If you had painted Daphnis and Chloe, or a poor old invalid fishing for a shoe, or the well-known child spoiling the stew, you might have a chance of making a commercial success—but that!

HENRI. I will admit I've chosen a rather serious subject.

RAOUL. And yet you've added a few amusing details; see, Juliet has one eye too many and lacks one leg.

HENRI. One eye too many? That's her nose.—I'm wasting time asking for your advice. I'll take the screen now, and show you I can live by my brushes. (*he lifts the screen to his shoulders*)

RAOUL. Your brushes! I have grave doubts whether they would bring a sou if you were to sell them. (*as HENRI is about to leave, MARGUERITE is heard outside in the corridor, singing*) Ha! Mademoiselle Marguerite!

RAOUL. Well?

HENRI. I shouldn't like her to see me with this on my shoulders.

RAOUL. You *are* sensitive.

HENRI. I'm fearfully embarrassed in the presence of ladies.

RAOUL. Then you'll never marry, I suppose?

(MUNIUS, *the old-clothes dealer, is heard outside, on the stairs crying: "Old clothes! Old clothes!"*)

HENRI. Our friend the Israelite Munius, going to his garret!

MUNIUS. (*outside*) Ha! Ha! Mademoiselle Marguerite? How are you, neighbor?

MARGUERITE. (*outside*) Singing as usual, neighbor. How is business?

MUNIUS. (*outside*) I've had a good morning; made a splendid sale.

MARG. (*outside*) One can't sell too high in your profession, can he?

MUNIUS. (*outside*) I have gold in my pocket!

RAOUL. Something to borrow at starvation rates!

HENRI. Sh!

MARG. (*outside*) That will be enough, Monsieur, please!

RAOUL. Infamous villain! (*a slap is heard*)

MUNIUS. I must kiss you for that. (*another slap*)

MARG. Stop, or I shall be very angry with you.

RAOUL. After two slaps? Run to her aid, innocence is in danger. (*he opens the door at the back*) What's this, M. Munius?

MUNIUS. (*appearing at the back, in the corridor*) Old clothes! Old clothes!

RAOUL. Run along, you old—! We give our cast-off clothing to our servants.

(MUNIUS disappears into the corridor.)

MARG. (*entering*) Thank you, M. Raoul. (*seeing HENRI, who is trying to hide*) Ha, ha! What a funny man!

HENRI. Caught! (*he goes to the right*)

MARG. Why are you walking around with that screen?

HENRI. I'm not walking around, I'm going out.

MARG. There are no draughts outside, you need not take so many precautions.

HENRI. (*aside to RAOUL*) Most embarrassing, isn't it? (*HENRI starts to go out at the back. The screen gets caught in the doorway. MARGUERITE and RAOUL laugh*)

RAOUL. (*to MARGUERITE who goes toward HENRI*) Let him go, Mademoiselle. He's going to rid us of that screen—let him do it.

(HENRI *goes out.*)

MARG. A present to his sweetheart?

RAOUL. No, he's going to sell it and give the proceeds to the poor.

MARG. You are actively engaged in charity, then?

RAOUL. Each of us has one object of charity to look after.

MARG. Didn't yours just leave the room?

RAOUL. I believe so.— Oh, what were you singing just now?

MARG. A romance, or a song—as you please.

RAOUL. They both please: it's six of one or half-a-dozen of the other, like a tear trickling down the wrinkle caused by a laugh.— Sing it to me, please.

MARG. I don't feel in the mood. There's something in my throat—

RAOUL. What?

MARG. That poor screen that's going to buy you a dinner.

RAOUL. That reminds me, will you come for a ride with us in the coach? To Chaville?

MARG. Is this an invitation?

RAOUL. It is.

MARG. And with what, pray?

RAOUL. With our best wishes.

MARG. No credit on that, alas!

RAOUL. Ah, it's a superb thing, a work of art that Henri will sell for its weight in gold.

MARG. Do you think so?

RAOUL. It's Romeo and Juliet?

MARG. The subject of my song: Romeo and Juliet, Monsieur! You know the story. With one foot on the silken ladder, he leaves his beloved, and with tears in his heart, says—Are you listening?

RAOUL. (*straddling a chair, left*) I'm in the gallery at the *Italiens*! Yes, he says—?

MARG. (*singing*)

Aria:

The hour sounds, and yet thy hand
Is still in mine, my love.
See, morn doth near th' horizon stand;
The stars are pale above.
Ah, spare me, weep not, dearest mine,
I go, but think of me—
I go my path, and thou go'st thine;
No, Margot—can I leave thee?
Oh, Margot—*can* I leave thee?
Suffer then, beneath this sky
Of scarlet hue—no, not good-bye!

RAOUL. (*applauding*) Bravo! Now, if I said you were charming, I should only resemble everyone else. (*rising*) But, tell me, didn't you substitute "Margot" for "Juliet?" I envy Romeo, then!

MARG. The Romeo is an artistic convention, you see.

RAOUL. Good; I should be sorry to have the place taken by a flesh-and-blood Romeo.

MARG. Now, I suppose you're going to make love to me?

RAOUL. Of course.

MARG. But why?

RAOUL. Just because it's an interesting game.

MARG. Make it short, we mustn't risk being bored.

RAOUL. We're alone here; it mustn't be said that we neglected an opportunity. What a wonderful collaboration! We should create a masterpiece!

MARG. Do you wish to?

RAOUL. No, only to collaborate. What a divine occupation a love scene is! Oh, Juliet, why do you imagine the Good Lord created the Sun, the woods, Sunday, if two young people were not intended to walk over the greensward and say that they love each other? What a charming thing is love!

MARG. Yes, on Sunday, but what can one do the

rest of the week? Have you forgotten that I work all week, from morning to night? Listen to me, and I'll tell you my ideas on the subject. Doesn't it seem to you that those fine ladies and handsome little gentlemen who pass their lives making love, are just the people who never do anything? Love was invented for such people; what would otherwise become of them? They must dream to keep from sleeping, and the more varied the dreams, the better they enjoy them. If they couldn't dream, they would die of ennui. Now I work by the day, make dresses, mend lace—if I have anything else on my mind I prick my fingers and make horrible mistakes. If I had some real deep sentiment in my heart I shouldn't seriously object—but these little affairs! No, neighbor, I can't afford the time. I must think of my little household, and not of any particular person. I shall never love, unless it be that my whole life is—that!

RAOUL. Good, but I still insist on crying: Long live love! Even the word is sweet!

MARG. Therefore you should not speak it here!

RAOUL. What's the harm?

MARG. (*listening*) I hear—

RAOUL. Whom?

MARG. Romeo.

(*The noise of a fall is heard.*)

RAOUL. Bang!

MARG. (*going up stage, left*) What's happened?

RAOUL. In coming up our six flights, he must have missed one rung in the silk ladder. So—you don't like the idea of being Juliet?

MARG. I decidedly don't.

(RAOUL *opens the door at the back*. HENRI *enters, his trousers torn at the knee*.)

MARG. Are you hurt, M. Henri?

HENRI. No, Mademoiselle. There's no great harm done—but what ill-luck! (*he displays the damaged screen*) Ah, Mademoiselle, if you only knew—!

RAOUL. How about your dealer?

HENRI. He's a fool. If you only knew—!

RAOUL. Your trousers!

HENRI. An accident—you don't know.

MARG. (*showing him to a chair*) Put your foot there. No, with needle and thread—I'll mend you.

(HENRI, *who has placed the screen against the wall, left, returns to the chair and puts his foot upon it.*)

HENRI. It's really too good of you, Mademoiselle. Oh, if you could only do the same to that poor screen! Mademoiselle, if you knew—! What sufferings an artist has!

MARG. (*sewing*) I too am an artist sometimes,—when I embroider.

RAOUL. And I when I play billiards. But to work, Mademoiselle!— Oh, Henri, I have invited Margot to take dinner with us. Ask counsel of your heart, and make answer forthwith. Understand?

HENRI. Not in the least.

RAOUL. Watch me! (*signalling*) WATCH—me! Eh?

HENRI. Nonsense.— Ah, you pricked me, then! (*he draws his knee away*)

MARG. Why do you do that?

HENRI. Why? He wants me to pawn my watch, Mademoiselle. My watch! Think of it!

MARG. Are you down to that?

HENRI. Yes—we can't go much lower.

RAOUL. Henri is an idiot, an alarmist; don't listen to him.

MARG. Well, I—

RAOUL. Sh! He always looks at the dark side of

things. We've never been in more prosperous circumstances.

HENRI. That's sure.

MARG. No false pride, now, my friends! Let me tell you something, and don't be offended. I am not very rich myself, and I know you are a pair of fearful pretenders! I am an economical little lady, who earns twenty-five sous a day. If you are in need of twenty-five francs—

RAOUL. No, my good Margot; we never borrow from friends.

HENRI. And we have no enemies.

MARG. There is Munius?

HENRI. Don't mention his name; he is the Prince of Thieves.

RAOUL. The fact is, he robbed us in a most black-guardly manner.

MARG. How?

HENRI. We had a vest, and in the pocket of that vest was a five-franc piece I had saved up.

MARG. Indeed!

HENRI. Yes! When I was out one day, Raoul sold the vest to Munius for forty sous. The coin was in the left pocket; I am positive of that. Well, Munius took it away, and when I went to ask for the five-franc piece, he denied having found it.

MARG. That's unheard-of.

HENRI. Ask Raoul.

RAOUL. I confess my carelessness, as well as the dishonesty of the Israelite.

MARG. Now, I have an idea, a splendid idea. We're all going to have dinner together.

HENRI. What?

MARG. I promise. Do you happen to have some article of old clothing around?

HENRI. Providence has so decreed that we happen to have an article of new clothing!

MARG. But I want something old.

RAOUL. At your service. We have the celebrated green coat—do you know it?

MARG. No.

RAOUL. Called *The Conqueror*— I'll show it to you. *Conqueror*, come forth, come forth from thy Tabernacle! (*he goes up-stage, and strikes three times on the chest*)

HENRI. Are you afraid it's gone out?

RAOUL. It never goes out alone. (*he opens the chest and brings forth a green coat*) Here it is, but—ask for nothing further. (*he displays the coat over the back of a chair*)

MARG. Now what do you do with that coat?

HENRI. Raoul and I wear it, in turns, whenever society demands that we appear as gentlemen.

MARG. A single coat for the two of you? I should like to see how your scheme works!

RAOUL. It is a little large for Henri.

HENRI. And it nearly suffocates Raoul.

RAOUL. You'll see. (*he puts on the coat and goes to the right*) Don't I look like a great man?

MARG. Or an umbrella in a case that's too short for it.

(RAOUL *takes off the coat and comes back to the left.*)

HENRI. Bravo, I told him that! Now for my turn! (*he puts on the coat*)

MARG. Left hand first?

HENRI. I'm left-handed.

RAOUL. That's the only excuse for his painting!

HENRI. (*crossing the stage*) Don't I look like some son of an aristocratic family?

MARG. Or an orphan spending his father's money.

RAOUL. Take that, presumptuous mortal!

MARG. (*to HENRI*) Now for my idea: that ambiguous coat doesn't suit either of you; you ought to sell it.

RAOUL. Never! We must keep this.

HENRI. (*taking the coat off, and laying it on a chair*) We've been offered only six francs for it.

RAOUL. And we must have twenty to go to Chaville.

MARG. I'll get them if you'll let me manage. It's a good deed to fleece a thief.

HENRI. What do you suggest, then?

MARG. You want to know everything all at once, don't you?

MUNIUS. (*outside*) Old clothes! Old clothes!

RAOUL. Ha, old Munius shouting in the hallway! What devotion to his art!

MARG. Here's just our chance! And the thief! Leave me alone with him, and the coat. (*HENRI gives her the coat*) Run into your bed-room, and hold your breath.

RAOUL. Henri is sure to sneeze!

MARG. I ask him to refrain for five minutes only, by the watch— Oh, by the way, let me have your watch, Henri.

HENRI. What do you want with it?

MARG. I asked for five minutes, by the watch.

HENRI. (*taking the watch from his pocket*) It has an alarm.

MARG. Are you afraid I'll keep it? I'm not a pawnshop!

HENRI. Of course, but—

MARG. Come, now!

HENRI. (*giving her the watch*) Don't shake it, it's very delicate.

MARG. At its age—I understand! Now, off with you—and don't dare sneeze!

RAOUL. (*by HENRI*) I'll hold my hand over his mouth.

HENRI. (*try to repress a sneeze*) Why do you have to speak of such things? (*he sneezes*)

(RAOUL and HENRI pass into the room at the right.)

MARG. (*alone for a moment, she puts the watch in a pocket of the coat, which she lays over a chair, left. Then she opens the door at the back*) Munius!

MUNIUS. (*outside*) What is it?

MARG. Come up. I have something to say to you.

MUNIUS. (*outside*) Or another slap, eh?

MARG. Perhaps, it all depends on you. (*MUNIUS appears at the door, loaded down with clothes*) Come in.

MUNIUS. What are you doing here—with these vagabonds?

MARG. They are out, and I am arranging their room. Come in, we'll talk while I dust— (*enter MUNIUS*) Close the door.

MUNIUS. Ha, you little coquette, I said you wouldn't send old Papa Munius away forever!

MARG. What do you think I want with you now? —I want to make a bargain with you.

MUNIUS. Just what I thought.

MARG. But not the one you imagine. I want to sell you some clothes.

MARG. (*handing him the green coat*) Look at that now.

MUNIUS. I'd rather look at you, Mademoiselle.

MARG. Yes, but this is hardly the time!

MUNIUS. When will the time come? But, Mademoiselle, it's for your own happiness, your own advantage—

MARG. Look at the coat, I tell you.

MUNIUS. I know the coat. I've offered six francs for it already—two weeks ago.

MARG. To-day it's worth twenty.

MUNIUS. But it's older?— Ha!— Come, now, marry me and you'll never repent it. I'm old: I might die in six months.

MARG. Sh! Not another word!

MUNIUS. No, I swear! I've lived a fearful life in my youth— I'll not last long, and I'll leave you every sou I have when I die.

MARG. We'll speak of that another time. Will you give me twenty francs for this coat?

MUNIUS. I have an income of eight hundred francs a year, and a bad case of catarrh.

MARG. You'd sell your heart and mine for an income! I know you!

MUNIUS. See—see here— (*he coughs*)

MARG. That's not the way. (*she coughs*) That's a real cough, now: I'm a consumptive. Come, come, little friend, you'll never be sick; you're as fresh as a rose.

MUNIUS. Little Munius, fresh as a rose! Pluck me, then!

MARG. You're a child.

MUNIUS. That's it, exactly! You can lead me with a string—a real child. You'll have everything your heart desires: silk kerchiefs, ear-rings, chains and jewels and gold-headed riding-canes— Oh, Marguerite!

MARG. How your eyes sparkle! Why, I wonder, do people call you homely?

MUNIUS. They're envious gossips who say it! Don't believe them. If you love me, I'll dress well, I'll wear a Branderburg coat with an Astrakan collar. You'll see!

MARG. (*going to the left*) You would be charming in this coat.

MUNIUS. Oh! Not that!— Listen: I'll give you silks and taffetas, I've a splendid dress, with only a tiny tear in it!

MARG. Sounds very tempting, but—

MUNIUS. I'll go at once, if you wish, and bring you a velvet collar—and—

MARG. Later. Do you really want to be agreeable to me, now?

MUNIUS. With all my heart, Marguerite!— Oh, my—

MARG. Come down from the clouds, Munius, and listen to me.

MUNIUS. I listen——!

MARG. Will you behave?

MUNIUS. I am silent.

MARG. I wish you would look at this coat like the honest thief you are.

MUNIUS. Is that all?

MARG. All for the moment—examine it carefully.
(she gives him the coat)

MUNIUS. (examining it) I have seen it. There's a torn pocket here, the buttonholes are frayed, and these creases here! Worth exactly three francs.

MARG. You don't know what you're talking about! I'll go away for a moment and let you think the matter over carefully. (she goes to the window, left, and waits)

MUNIUS. (down-stage, coat in hand) Ha! (he shakes the coat) Something in the pocket! (drawing forth the watch) Oh, a watch! Solid gold! (weighing it in his hand) Heavy! They are a pair of young fools! This is the second time——! That five francs——! This would be stealing! It must be worth——? Let's see: three francs for the coat—it's worth it. The other seventeen for the watch—— Hm! (he puts the watch back into the coat-pocket)

MARG. (returning to MUNIUS) What do you say?

MUNIUS. As a favor to you—well—here are twenty francs. (he gives her a 20-franc gold-piece. MARGUERITE goes to the door, right) M. Raoul!

MUNIUS. What's this?

(Enter RAOUL and HENRI.)

MARG. Here, neighbors—for your trip to Chaville —gold! (she gives the coin to RAOUL)

RAOUL. (going to MUNIUS) Good old Munius! Virtue has at last come to mankind again!

MARG. As Munius!

HENRI. (to MARGUERITE) My watch?!

MARG. Your watch?

MUNIUS. (*edging away up-stage*) Good-bye, ladies and gentlemen. I must be going.

MARG. (*retaining him*) Stay, please! We have something to say to you.

HENRI. (*to MARGUERITE*) But, my watch?

MARG. I laid it on the table. (*HENRI looks on the table*) Munius, you've been so generous, that I invite you to dinner with us at Chaville. (*she makes a sign to RAOUL*)

RAOUL. No more than right. Virtuous Munius, we shall gambol on the grass.

HENRI. (*still looking for the watch*) I don't see it. On the table, did you say?

MARG. Or the chair; I don't remember.

MUNIUS. Then I must dress. (*he again attempts to get away*)

MARG. There's no need, you are nice just as you are!

RAOUL. Munius, what will you have for dinner? Choose.

HENRI. (*crossing the stage*) I don't mind a joke, but there is a limit— Now, Mlle. Marguerite, give me my watch.

MARG. Can't you find it?

MUNIUS. (*making another attempt to escape*) I'll just put these old clothes in my room.

MARG. (*again retaining him*) One might almost imagine that you didn't care for our company? Stay!

RAOUL. What do you say to pigeon and peas, in wine sauce?

MUNIUS. Ah!

HENRI. I can't find it!

MARG. That's queer, I had it not fifteen minutes ago.

HENRI. I'm in a pretty fix if it's lost! I can't exist without knowing the time.

MUNIUS. It must have fallen under something.

HENRI. There's nothing for it to fall under.

RAOUL. (*going to HENRI*) Never mind the watch—we'll find it to-morrow.

HENRI. If it isn't found now, it's lost forever!

RAOUL. You can buy another.

HENRI. That's not the same thing. I'd grown used to my own, it wasn't like other watches. It was *my* watch, and I must find it!

(MARGUERITE *watches MUNIUS carefully and prevents his leaving or taking the watch from the coat-pocket.*)

RAOUL. (*to HENRI*) What's the matter with you?

HENRI. My watch!

MARG. Help us look for it, Munius.

HENRI. You won't find it. It's lost. (*he sits down in despair*)

MARG. It must have flown—

MUNIUS. Stolen? Why, who—?

MARG. Flown, I said.

RAOUL. Yes. Poor Henri looks as if he'd lost his last friend.

(MUNIUS *once more seeks to escape, but MARGUERITE prevents him.*)

HENRI. I loved that old watch. I remember when it used to be on my grandmother's mantel—ah! at that time I didn't know what it was to be poor. I used to play with the old watch. It seemed as if it looked at me— It's the spirit of the past—its dear old tic tac spoke eloquently to me of my youth— I loved it!

MARG. Poor boy!

RAOUL. Come, come, don't be so sad!

HENRI. Why not? My watch kept me company—now it's gone.

MARG. Wait a moment—I remember now!— I put it in your coat pocket—the green coat!

MUNIUS. Oh!

HENRI. (*going quickly to Munius, taking the watch from the pocket, and brandishing it in the air*) Here it is! (*he kisses it*) Ha! The lost is found!— Only, the crystal's broken! But what do I care? I have it again!

MUNIUS. Give me back my money.

MARG. What money?

MUNIUS. Do you think I'd pay twenty francs for this old rag?

RAOUL. Ah, Munius, you knew the watch was in the pocket?!

MUNIUS. I don't say that!

(MARGUERITE *has taken the coat from Munius and laid it on a chair, right.*)

MARG. (*between HENRI and RAOUL*) What an idea? Poor Munius! The Prince of honest men!

RAOUL. It wouldn't be the first time! We've lost one 20-franc piece that way already—

MUNIUS. It was only five!

RAOUL. See, he doesn't deny it! You are my witnesses!

MARG. Ah, Munius, I should never have thought that of you!

HENRI. And he kept it, the thief! As he tried to keep my watch!

MUNIUS. Now I knew nothing about the watch—and that affair of the five francs was only to teach you a lesson—I consider you in a way as my children!— Now, don't you think it's hard for a man of my age to be suspected in this way before a lady?

MARG. Don't cry, honest Munius, we shan't tell the police!

RAOUL and HENRI. Long live Margot!

HENRI. Let's kiss her!

MARG. Oh, no, my friends: we're neighbors, nothing more! Let's get ready now and go to the coun-

try! You see you've given me the invitation, but I pay the bill—though it's really a pleasure!

(RAOUL and HENRI go to the coat where MARGUERITE had placed it on a chair; HENRI puts his left arm into one sleeve, RAOUL his right into the other. Each, seeking the other sleeve, pull so that the coat tears in halves, down the back.)

RAOUL. Your fault! You must always be wearing it!

HENRI. Well, now, we shan't have to dispute about it any more.

RAOUL and HENRI. (throwing the pieces to MUNIUS) Here, Munius!

MARG. There's some nice mending to be done!—Now—off to the country!

RAOUL, HENRI, and MARG. To the country!

CURTAIN

THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS

By Celebrated European Authors

A NEW SERIES OF AMATEUR PLAYS BY THE BEST
AUTHORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, ESPECIALLY
TRANSLATED WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, SUG-
GESTIONS FOR STAGING, Etc., FOR THE
USE OF SCHOOLS, COLLEGES, AND
DRAMATIC CLUBS

BARRETT H. CLARK

General Editor



ITH the immensely increased demand for new plays for purposes of production by amateurs comes a correspondingly great demand for a careful selection of those plays which can be easily and well presented by clubs and colleges. The plays in the present series have been chosen with regard to their intrinsic value as drama and literature, and at the same time to their adaptability to the needs and limitations of such organizations.

The Series, under the personal supervision of Mr. Barrett H. Clark, instructor in the department of Dramatic Literature at Chautauqua, New York, assistant stage manager and actor with Mrs. Fiske (season 1912-1913), now comprises ten volumes, and fifteen more will make their appearance during the year. Eventually there will be plays from ancient Greece and Rome, Italy, Spain, France, Russia, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries, representative of some of the best drama of all ages and lands.

Each volume is prefaced by a concise historical note by Mr. Clark, and with a few suggestions for staging.

Plays Now Ready

INDIAN SUMMER, a comedy in one act by MEILHAC and HALEVY. This little play, by two of the most famous writers of comedy of the last century, has been played at the Comédie Française at Paris for upwards of forty years, and remains one of the brightest and most popular works of the period. PRICE 25 CENTS.

ROSALIE, by MAX MAUREY. A "Grand Guignol" comedy in one act, full of verve and clever dialogue. Rosalie, the stubborn maid, leads her none too amiable master and mistress into uncomfortable complications by refusing to open the front door to a supposed guest of wealth and influence. PRICE 25 CENTS.

MODESTY, by PAUL HERVIEU. A delightful trifle by one of the most celebrated of living dramatists. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE ART OF BEING BORED, (*Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie*), a comedy in three acts by EDOUARD PAILLERON. Probably the best-known and most frequently acted comedy of manners in the realm of nineteenth century French drama. It is replete with wit and comic situations. For nearly forty years it has held the stage, while countless imitators have endeavored to reproduce its freshness and charm. PRICE 25 CENTS.

A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL, by ANTON TCHEKHOFF, a comedy in one act, by one of the greatest of modern Russian writers. This little farce is very popular in Russia, and satirizes the peasants of that country in an amusing manner. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE GREEN COAT, by ALFRED DE MUSSET and EMILE AUGIER. A slight and comic character sketch of the life of Bohemian artists in Paris, written by one of France's greatest poets and one of her best-known dramatists. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE WAGER, by GIUSEPPE GIACOSA. This one act poetic comedy, written by the most celebrated dramatist of modern Italy, was the author's first work. It treats of a wager made by a proud young page, who risks his life on the outcome of a game of chess. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS, a poetic comedy in one act, by ANDRE RIVOIRE. A charming pastoral sketch by a well-known French poet and dramatist. Played with success at the Comédie Francaise. PRICE 25 CENTS.

PHORMIO, a Latin comedy by TERENCE. An up-to-date version of the famous comedy. One of the masterpieces of Latin drama; the story of a father who returns to find that his son has married a slave girl. Phormio, the parasite-villain who causes the numerous comic complications, succeeds in unraveling the difficulties, and all ends happily. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE TWINS, a Latin farce by PLAUTUS, upon which Shakespeare founded his Comedy of Errors. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE BOOR, by ANTON TCHEKOFF. A well-known farce by the celebrated Russian master; it is concerned with Russian peasants, and portrays with masterly skill the comic side of country life. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE BLACK PEARL, by VICTORIEN SARDOU. One of Sardou's most famous comedies of intrigue. A house has, it is thought, been robbed. But through skilful investigation it is found that the havoc wrought has been done by lightning. PRICE 25 CENTS.

CHARMING LEANDRE, by THEODORE DE BANVILLE. The author of "Gringoire" is here seen in a poetic vein, yet the Frenchman's innate sense of humor recalls, in this satirical little play, the genius of Moliere. PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE POST-SCRIPTUM, by EMILE AUGIER. Of this one-act comedy Professor Brander Matthews writes: ". . . one of the brightest and most brilliant little one-act comedies in any language, and to be warmly recommended to American readers." PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE HOUSE OF FOURCHAMBAULT, by ÉMILE AUGIER. One of the greatest of recent French family dramas. Although the play is serious in tone, it contains touches which entitle it to a position among the best comedies of manners of the times. PRICE 50 CENTS.

THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, by MOLIERE. A famous farce by the greatest of French dramatists. Sganarelle has to be beaten before he will acknowledge that he is a doctor, which he is not. He then works apparently miraculous cures. The play is a sharp satire on the medical profession in the 17th Century.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

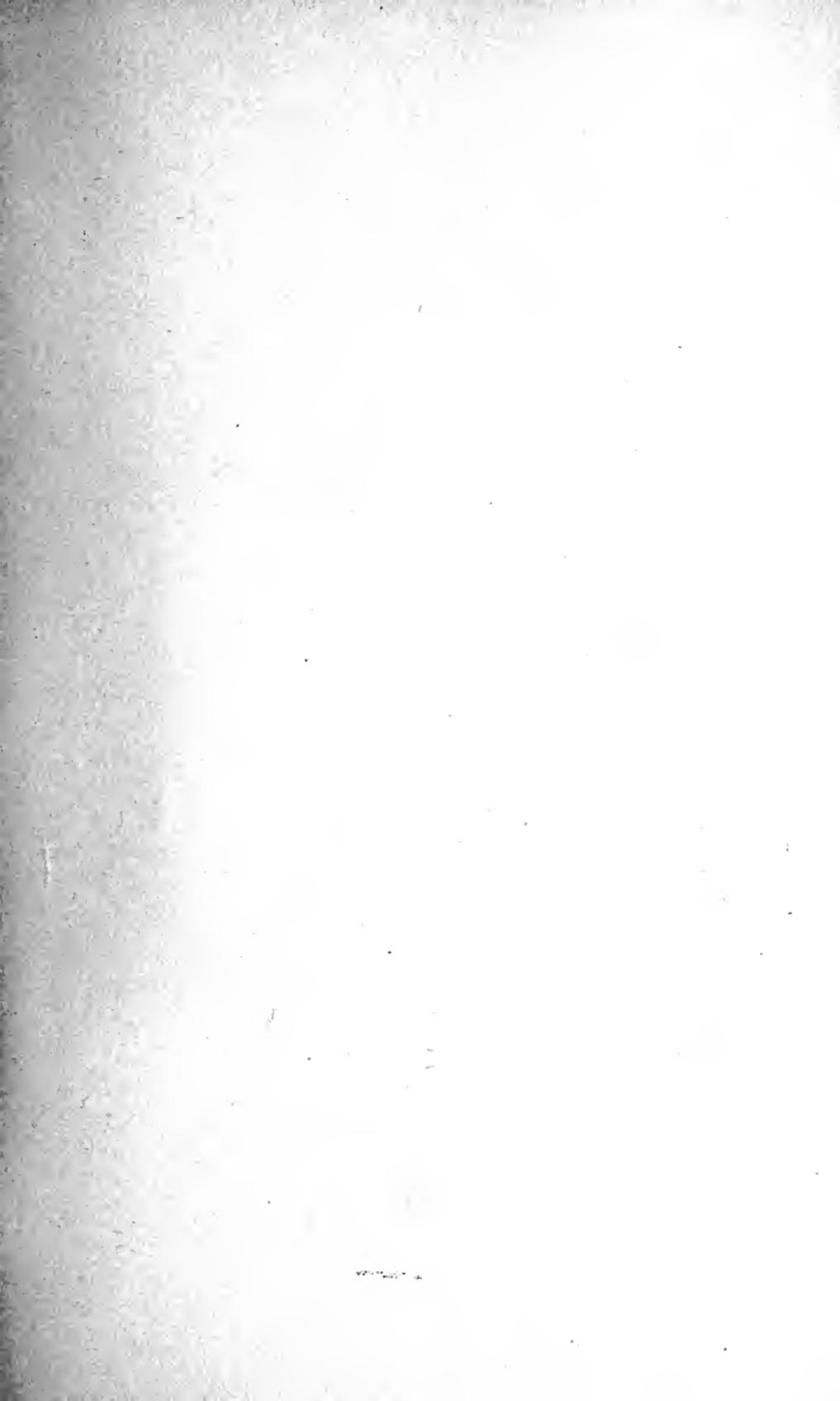
BRIGNOL AND HIS DAUGHTER, by CAPUS. The first comedy in English of the most sprightly and satirical of present-day French dramatists. PRICE 50 CENTS.

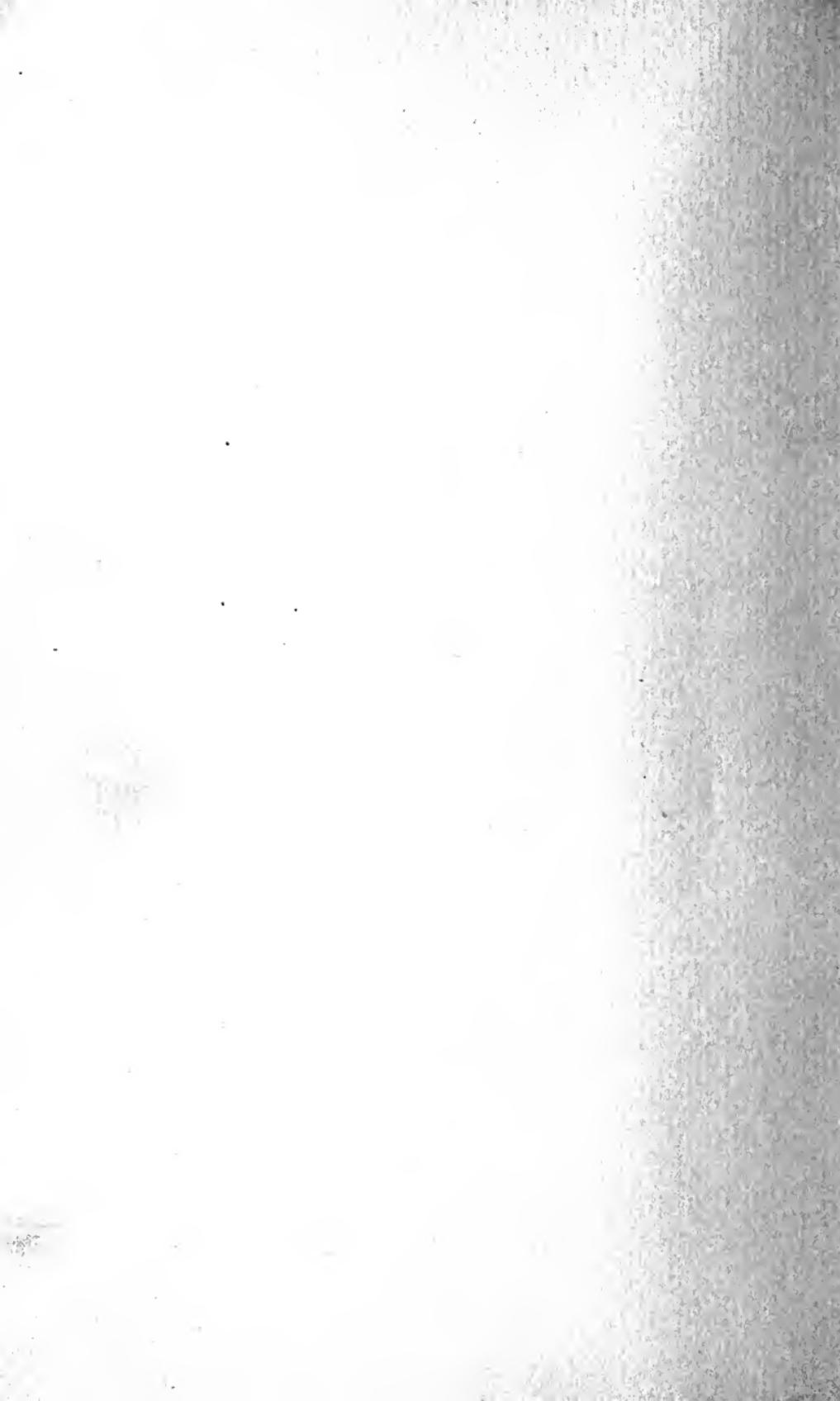
CHOOSING A CAREER, by G. A. DE CAILLAVET. Written by one of the authors of "Love Watches." A farce of mistaken identity, full of humorous situations and bright lines. PRICE 25 CENTS.

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER, by TRISTAN BERNARD. A clever farce by one of the most successful of French dramatists. It is concerned with the difficulties of a bogus-interpreter who does not know a word of French. PRICE 25 CENTS.

PATER NOSTER, a poetic play in one act, by FRANCOIS COPPEE. A pathetic incident of the time of the Paris Commune, in 1871. PRICE 25 CENTS.









THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

DEC 5 1932	47-106362-X
JAN 30 1933	RECD LD
NOV 11 1933	DEC 14 1962
NOV 1 1933	18 Nov 64 AA
MAR 16 1935	IN STACKS
MAY 23 1933	NOV 6 1964
7 Sep '49 CE	MAR 6 '64-4 PM
9 Oct 50 MB	FEB 21 1967 2 PM
16 Apr 52 GN	RECEIVED
REC'D LD	MAR 23 '67-2 PM
APR 21 1962	LOAN DEPT.

LD 21-50m-8, 32

Gaylord Bros.
Makers
Syracuse, N. Y.
PAT. JAN. 21, 1908

YB 54258

306-832

missed

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

